Cap'n Warren's Wards

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER III-Continued.

"So? Want to know. Your husband

dead, ma'am?" 'Yes," she answered shortly. "Itit looks as if it might snow, doesn't tt?" she said, changing the subject.

children, ma'am?" "One-a son." The widow's tone was

"I shouldn't wonder. Have you any

frigid. "So? He must be a comfort to you.

I s'pose likely he's a friend of my nephew and niece too."

"Certainly!" There came the sound of laughter from the passage outside. The ball door opened. A moment later Caroline, followed by her brother and young Dunn, entered the library.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunn!" Caroline cried. "I'm so glad I accepted your-Mal-



"Well, well!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Bije's girl!"

colm's-invitation. We had a giorious ride! I-"

She stopped short. Captain Warren had risen from his chair and was facing her. Mrs. Dunn also rose.

"Caroline," she said nervously, "this" -pausing on the word-"gentleman is here to see you. He says he is-" The captain interrupted her. Stepping forward, he seized his niece's hands in his. "Well, well!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Bije's girl, that | violently into a chair by the window. I ain't seen since you was a little mite Young Dunn laughed aloud. His mothof a baby! Caroline, I'm your Uncle er flashed an indignant glance at him Elisha!"

"Good Lord!" groaned Stephen War-

CHAPTER IV. A Little Business Talk.

TF the captain heard Stephen's fer-I vent ejaculation he paid no attention to it. Dropping his niece's hand, he extended his own toward his nephew.

"And this is Stephen?" he said. "Well, Steve, you and me have never met afore, I b'lieve. But that's our misfortune, not our fault, hey? How are you-pretty smart?"

The boy's face was flaming. He mumbled something to the effect that he was all right enough and turned away without accepting the proffered hand. Captain Elijah glanced quickly at him, then at his sister.

"Well, Caroline," he said pleasantly, "I s'pose you've been expectin' me. Mr. Graves told you I was comin'. didn't he?"

Miss Warren also was flushed with embarrassment and mortified surprise. "No," she stammered. "He has been

"Sho, you don't say! So you didn't know I was comin' at all."

"No. We-we have not heard from you since he returned."

"That's too bad. I hope I shan't put you out any, droppin' in on you this way. You mustn't treat me as comp'ny, you know. If 'tain't convenient, if your spare room ain't ready so soon after movin', or anything of that kind, I can go to a hotel somewhere for a day or so. Hadn't I better, don't you

Caroline hesitated. If only they might have been spared this public humiliation! If the Dunns had not been there! It was bad enough to have | Maicolm and I-might be able to help this dreadful country uncle come at you? We should so love to do it. If all, but to have him come now, before they were prepared, before any expla- it isn't a secret"nations had been made! What should

Her brother, fidgeting at her elbow, not daring to look at Malcolm Dunn, fended and hort. Her eyes flashed as who he knew was thoroughly enjoying she answered, the scene, could stand it no longer.

"Caro," he snapped, "what are you waiting for? Don't you know that the rooms are not ready? Of course they're not! We're sorry and all that, but Graves didn't tell us, and we aren't ranged. Thank you for calling, Mrs. prepared. Certainly he'll have to go to the botel for-for the present."

He ventured to raise his eyes and clare indigmently at the captain. Finding the latter tooking intently at him he dropped them again and tamped his elirched buty luto his pockers.

CAP'N WARREN GETS A COLD RECEPTION AT THE HANDS OF HIS YOUNG WARDS

Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caronne aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look ever the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Humph! Then I cal'late maybe"- He took a step toward the door, stopped, turned back and said with calm decision: "I guess I'd better stay. You won't mind me, Caroline-you and Stephen. You mustn't. As I said, I ain't comp'ny. I'm one of the family, your pa's brother, and I've come some consider'ble ways to see you two young folks and talk with you. I've come because your pa asked me to. I'm used to roughin' it, been to sea a good many v'yages, and if a feather bed ain't handy I can get my forty winks on the floor. So that's settled, and you mustn't have me on your conscience. That's sense, ain't it. Mrs. Dunn?"

Mrs. Corcoran Dunn did not deign a reply. Caroline answered for her.

"Very well," she said coldly. Stepping to the desk she rang a bell. The butler appeared in the doorway.

"Edwards," said Miss Warren, "this gentleman," indicating the captain, "is to be our guest for the present. You may show him to his room-the blue room, I think. If it is not ready see that it is made so."

"Yes, Miss Caroline," replied Edwards. Retiring to the hall, he returned with the suit case.

"Will you wish to go to your room at once, sir?" he asked.

"Why, I guess I might as well, commodore," answered Captain Elisha, smiling. "Little soap and water won't do no harm. Fact is, I feel's if 'twas a prescription to be recommended. You needn't tote that valise, though," he added. "'Tain't heavy, and I've lugged it so fur already sence I got off the car that I feel kind of lonesome without it."

The butler, not knowing exactly how to answer, grinned sheepishly. Captain Elisha turned to Mrs. Dunn and her

"Well, good afternoon, ma'am," he said. "I'm real glad to have made your acquaintance. Yours, too, sir," with a nod toward Malcolm. "Your mother told me what a friend of the young folks you was and, as I'm sort of actin' pilot for 'em just now, in a way of speakin', any friend of theirs ought to be a friend of mine. Hope to see you often, Mr. Dunn."

The young man addressed smiled, with amusement not at all concealed, and languidly admitted that he was

When the captain finally departed, case, Stephen Warren threw himself ed at the sound of her step. and then hurried to Caroline,

"You poor dear!" she exclaimed, putting an arm about the girl's shoulder. "Don't mind us, please don't. Malcolm and I understand-that is, we know how you feel and"-

"Oh, but you don't know, Mrs. Dunn," cried Caroline, almost in tears, "You don't understand. It's so much worse than you think. I-I- Oh, why did father do it? How could be be so

inconsiderate?" "There, there!" purred the friend of the family. "You mustn't, you know. You really mustn't. Who is this man? This uncle? Where does be come from? Why does he force himself upon you in this way? I didn't know your poor

father had a brother." "Neither did we," growled Stephen savagely. Malcolm laughed again.

"What does it all mean, dear?" begged Mrs. Dunn. "You are in trouble, I'm sure. Don't you think we-



"What does it all mean, dear?"

you feel that you can confide in us, if

She paused expectantly, patting the girl's shoulder. But Caroline had heard young Dunn's laugh and was of- extent of their inheritance and that

"It's nothing," she said. "He has come to see us on a matter of business. | moved to the apartment. 1 believe. I am nervous and-foolish, I suppose. Mr. Graves will see us soon, and then everything will be ar- your movin', then? You did it on your Dunu, and for the ride."

It was a very plain hint, but Mrs. Durn did not choose to understand it as such.

"You're sure you hadn't better tell sible thing to do, I should say. Didn't me the whole story, dear?" she urged, anybody advise you where to go?" "I am old enough simost to be your "Why should we need advice?" Again

Captain Elisha pulled thoughtfully at | mother, and perhaps my advice might-No? Very well. You know best, but You understand that it is something other than mere curiosity which leads me to ask."

"Of course, I understand," said the girl hastily. "Thank you very much Perhaps by and by I can tell you everything. But we must see Mr. Graves first. I-oh, don't ask me more now. Mrs. Dunn."

The widow of so astute a politician as Mike Dunn had been in his day could have scarcely failed to profit by his teachings. Moreover, she possesse talent of her own. With a final nat and a kiss she prepared for departure

After the pair had been shown out by Edwards, on the way home in the car Mrs. Corcoran Dunn lectured her son severely. "Have you no common sense?" she demanded. "Couldn't you see that the

girl would have told me everything if you hadn't laughed like an idiot?" The young man laughed again. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it was enough to make a wooden Indian laugh. The old jay with the barnacles telling us about the advantages of a sailor's life. And Steve's face! Ho, ho!"

His mother smorted disgust. "Was it necessary to insult him the first time you and he exchanged a word?"

"Insult him? Him? Ha, ha! Do you imagine that a hayseed like that would recognize an insult without an introduction? You don't intend putting him on your celling list, do you?"

"I intend cultivating him for the present?"

"Cultivating him?"

"Yes-for the present. He is Rodgers Warren's brother. That lawyer, Graves, traveled miles to see him. What does that mean? That in some important way he is connected with the estate and those two children. If the estate is worth anything, and we have reason to believe it is, you and I must know it. If it isn't it is even more important that we should know before we waste more time. If Caro line is an heiress, if she inherits even a moderate fortune"-

She shrugged her shoulders by way of finish to the sentence.

When Captain Elisha emerged from his room after a wash and change of linen he found the library untenanted. He strolled about, his hands behind him, inspecting the pictures with critical interest. Caroline, dressed for dinpreceded by Edwards and the suit ner, found him thus engaged. He turn-

"Why, hello!" he cried, with hearty enthusiasm. "All rigged up for inspection, ain't vou?" "Inspection?"

"Oh! that's just sailor's lingo. Means you've got your Sunday uniform on, that's all. My, My! How nice you look! But ain't black pretty old for such a young girl?"

"I am in mourning," replied his niece coldly.

"There, there! Of course you are. Tut, tut! How could I forget it. You see, I've been so many years feelin' as if I didn't have a brother that I've sort of got used to his bein' gone."

"I have not." Her eyes filled as she said it. The captain was greatly moved. "I'm a blunderin' old fool, my dear," he said. "I beg your pardon. Do try to forgive me, won't you? And, perhaps -perhaps I can make up your loss to you just a little mite. I'd like to. I'll try to, if"-

He laid a hand on her shoulder. She avoided him and, moving away, seated herself in a chair at the opposite side of the desk. The avoidance was so obvious as to be almost brutal: Captain Elisha looked very grave for an in-

stant. Then he changed the subject. After some further conversation, during which Caroline was plainly ill at ease, dinner was announced. When the captain in his quaint way described to Caroline and Steve how he found his way in New York Caroline was bored, and Steve was almost brutal with his interjections. For the hundredth time Caroline asked Steve what had prompt-

ed her father to make the captain their

guardian. After breakfast the next morning came the "business talk." It was a brief one. Captain Elisha soon discovered that his brother's children knew very little concerning their father's affairs. They had always plenty of money, had been indulged in practically every wish and had never had to think or plan for themselves. As to the size of the estate, they been nothing more than Mr. Graves had told them, which was that, instead of the several millions which rumor had cred. ited A. Rodgers Warren with possessing, \$500,000 would probably be the therefore they must live economically. As a first step in that direction they had given up their former home and

"Yes, yes," mused the captain; "I see. Mr. Graves didn't know about own book, so to speak?"

Stephen answered promptly. "Of course we did," he declared Why not?"

"No reason in the world. A good, sen

it was Stephen who replied: "We aren't kids. We're old enough to decide som things for ourselves, I should think."

"Yes; sartin. That's right. But I didn't know but p'raps some of your friends might have helped along. This Mrs. Dunn now, she kind of hinted to me that she'd-well, done what she could to make you comf'table."

"She has," avowed Caroline warmly. "Mrs. Dunn and Malcolm have proved their friendship in a thousand ways. We never can repay them, Stephen and I, never."

"No. There's some things you can't ever pay, I know that. Mrs. Dunn found this nice place for you, did she?" "Why, yes. Mrs. Dunn knew that

we had decided to move, and she has a cousin who is interested in New York property. She asked him, and he mentioned this apartment."

"One of his own, was it?" "I believe so. Why are you so par-

ticular? Don't you like it?" "Isn't it as good as those in-what do you call it-South Denboro?" Stephen

asked maliciously. Captain Elisha laughed hearfily. "Pretty nigh as good," he said. "I didn't notice any better on the way to the depot as I drove up. What's the rent? You'll excuse my askin', things

bein' as they are." "Twenty-two hundred a year," answered his niece coldly. The captain looked at her, whistled, broke off the whistle in the middle and

did a little mental arithmetic. "Twenty-two hundred a year!" he repeated. "That's one hundred and eighty odd a month. Say, that cousin of Mrs. Dunn's must want to get his investment back. You mean for just these ten rooms?"

Stephen laughed scornfully. "Our guardian has been counting,

Caro," he remarked. "Yes. Yes, I counted this mornin' when I got up. I was interested naturally."

"Sure! Naturally, of course," sneered the boy. "Did you think the twentytwo hundred was the rent of the entire building?"

"Well, I didn't know. I-"

"The rent," interrupted Caroline with dignity," was twenty-four hundred, but thanks to Mrs. Dunn, who explained to her cousin that we were friends of hers, It was reduced." "We being in reduced circumstances,"

observed her brother in supreme disgust. "Pity the poor orphans! By "That was real nice of Mrs. Dunn," de-

clared Captain Elisha heartily. "About how much is she with, do you think?" "I don't know. I never inquired." "No. Well, down our way," with a



"Did you think it was the rent of the

anybody you meet what his next door neighbor's wuth, and he'll tell you within a hundred, and how he got it, and how much he owes, and how he gets along with his wife. Ho, ho! Speakin' of wives, is this Mr. Dunn married?"

He looked at his niece as he asked the question. There was no reason why Caroline should blush. She knew it and hated herself for doing it.

"No," she answered resentfully: "he "Um-hm. What's his business?"

"He is connected with a Produce Ex change house, I believe." "One of the firm?"

"I don't know. In New York we are not as well posted or as curious concerning our friends' private affairs as your townspeople seem to be."

"I guess that's so. Well," he went on, rising, "I guess I've kept you young folks from your work or-or play, or whatever you was going to do, long enough for this once. I think I'll go out for a spell. I've got an errand or two I want to do. What time do you have dinner?"

"We lunch at half past 1," answered Caroline. We dine at 7."

"Oh, yes, yes! I keep forgettin' that supper's dinner. Well, I presume likely I'll be back for luncheon. If I ain't don't wait for me. I'll be home afore supper-there I go agaia!-afore dinner, anyhow. Goodby."

Cap'n Warren starts out to make a little investigation. The next installment tells how he went about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Testing Times. When everything is dark, that is

the time to have faith in the light, to look forward steadfastly toward the dawn. The worst moments of doubt, of darkness in the soul, asserts a writer, can become priceless moments of testing and of development, if r man uses them right y and learne their lesson.

CIRCUMVENTED

By TOM MASSON.

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It takes all kinds of people to make a world. Some men when their wives leave them improve the occasion to have a high old time. They go out, so to speak, and "revel." Others do not. They prefer to stay home quietly and take it easy. They crave that comfortable solitude that is necessary to the best kind of sanity. Whippton belonged to this class.

After bidding his wife good-by at the station he turned back with a fond anticipatory smile and said soulfully to himself: "Now for that quiet hour to myself. Now for that long-lookedforward-to mental repose."

And so he went home and began to make preparations to carry out his program.

"Is there anything," he said to himself, "more delightful than to be absolutely alone?" He settled back into his easy chair,

his book at his elbow, his cigar hox

near his book. Then the telephone bell rang. "Oh, Mr. Whippton," the voice said, "I have only just this minute awakened to the fact that Mrs. Whippton has gone off and left you. You must

come and dine with us tonight." "But-" "Now, don't say anything, but come. know you haven't any engagement. and I wouldn't think of having you stay in that lonesome house for anything. It isn't good, you know, for any man to be alone. Remember, sev-

en sharp." "I shall be delighted," said Whipp-

ton. What else could he say? The lady meant well.

He got home at eleven. The next morning he ran across

Crabley. "Ah, old man, hear your wife's away. Must come and dine with us tonight. Oh, nonsense! Know you can't have any engagement. Only too glad to have you. It's the duty of your friends to see you are not lonesome. Besides, we want you. That's right. Six-

Whippton went. He had to. "But tomorrow," he said, "I'll fool

There was that easy chair; there was that book; there was the quiet evening hour that he so longed forall in prospect. No one must cheat him out of that.

He sneaked through side streets. He came home early to avoid meeting the "regulars." He told the maid with exultant voice to say to all telephone ringersup that he was not at home

and wouldn't be.

Then there was a rattle and a snort. Bilkins, in his automobile, was in front. "Hey, there!" he shouted just as Whippton was closing the blind. "Glad I caught you. Heard your wife was away. Come, get right in and take a spin and then come and dine with me. fust do it, old man. you stay home alone for anything. Give you the 'willies.' Come on, now!"

There was no help for it. Whippton gave one last look at his book, his eigars, his easy cheair, and followed his friend obediently out to his snorting dragon.

The next day Mrs. Whippton came back.

"Well," said she after the usual greeting, "what did you do?" "The first night I dined at the Feltons', the second at the Crableys' and last night at the Bilkins'. I could have

banged them all over the head for

spoiling my solitude." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Whippton. "I told them to look after you." "You did, did you?" snorted Whippton. "That's it, is it? Well, didn't you know I wanted to be alone? Didn't you know I had been looking forward to having a few precious hours to myself once in a lifetime? Can't you appreciate what this meant to me?"

Mrs. Whippton was nothing if not up

to date. "Of course I know that you wanted to be alone," she said. "Haven't I noticed the tendency? But you don't get ahead of me. Why, if you should be alone any length of time I am just as positive as I can be that you would develop into a first-class crank!"

Theosophic Philosophy.

Here is a bit of theosophic philosophy from the Theosophical Path, official magazine of the oriental cult or religion:

"Another important element in the

production of a state of tranquillity is a firm and constant belief in the efficacy of right motive. A Theosophist believes that good, pure, true thoughts are real powers that must yield their results in peace and harmony; in other words he has faith and believes that it is worth while to follow conscience, for conscience is an inner guide working for our welfare. By accepting and studying the law of Karma, he soon learns to perceive its working in his own life and those of his companions; and thus his faith is gradually turned to knowledge. And so he is no longer at odds with destiny, like so many who have no true phllosophy of life; for he begins to realize that man makes his own destiny, and that the soul, or real man within, decrees whatever fate is beet suited to the real needs of the individual. We must all pass through experiences pleasurable and painful, but our happiness depends on our attitude toward them; and if, instead of resenting unpleasant circumstances, we accept them as necessary lessons, we can thereby convert them into advantages."

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

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condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays.

Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

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SAW POINT OF RESEMBLANCE Youngster's Comment, However, Could Hardly Be Called a Compli-

mentary One.

A fond auntie was left to am small niece and nephew while their mother went shopping. James became deeply interested in his toy engine and tiny Ruth was absorbed in watching auntie cut out beautiful paper dolls, One of these appealed to her particularly and she would scarcely wait for

auntle to finish. "Oh, auntie, isn't she pretty? She's

blue." "Yes, she is lovely. And see what a falcy dress she has on. Look at her long train." The last word caught serious-mind-

ed James' attention.

"Auntie, show me the train." Auntie pointed to the deep flounce which was set on with large plaits and which was long enough at the back for quite a sweep. James took it in his hands and examined it closely and si-

lently for a few moments. Handing it back, he said solemnly: "I suppose you could call it a train. It looks something like a cowcatch-

Careful Patient. A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time grew impatient at the slow progress she was making and made a complaint to her doctor.

cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat complete rest." "But, doctor," objected his patient,

"Madame," he said, "I can never

I'm very careful of what I say. I never use harsh language or anything of that kind." The Eternal Feminine.

"I asked the young lady speaker

in the debate why the logic of that side appealed to her." "What did she say?" "She said, 'Because.' " Do You Know The Fine Flavor of POST

